



## The VICAR and *Moses*.

**A**T the sign of the Horse old Spinuext of course,  
Each night took his pipe and his pot,  
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,  
Was plac'd the canonical sot;  
The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,  
With reverence due and submission,  
First stroak'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,  
And bowing preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, sir, says he, to beg, look d'ye see,  
Of your reve end worship and glory,  
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,  
And I'll walk with the lanthorn besoe you,  
The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry,  
Why Lord, sir, the corpse it does stay,  
You fool hold your peace, since miracles cease,  
A corpse Moses can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, crying, sir, a small child,  
Cannot longer delay your intention,  
And I swear by St. Paul, a child that is small,  
Can never enlarge its dimensions.  
Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear,  
For I hate to be call'd from my liquor,  
Come Moses, the King, tis a scandalous thing  
Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, sir, tis past twelve o'clock,  
Besides there's a terrible shower,  
Why Moses you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,  
I'm sure it can never strike more.  
Besides, my dear friend, to this lesson attend,  
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,  
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, tis plain,  
Tho' perhaps you or I may catch cold.

Then Moses went on, sir the clock has struck one,  
Pray master look up at the hand,  
Why it ne'er can strike less, tis a folly to press  
A man for to go that can't stand;  
At length hat and cloak Old Orthodox took,  
But first cram'd his jaws with a quid,  
Each tip of his gill, for fear they should chill,  
Then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a slave,  
Whilst the surplice was wrapt round the priest,  
So droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,  
That the parish still talk of the jest;  
Good people let's pray,—put the corps wother way,  
Or perchance I shall over it stumble,  
It is best to take care, tho' the sag's declare,  
A Mortuum Caput can't tumble.

Woman that's born of man—that's wrong, the leaf's  
torn,

O man that is born of a woman,  
Can't continue an aour, but's down like a flower,  
You see, Moses, Death spareth no man;  
Here Moses do look, what a confounded book,  
Sure the letters are ture turn'd upside down,  
Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,  
That this basket should print for the crown.

Prithee Moses you read, for I can't proceed,  
And bury the corpse in my stead,—Amen! Amen!  
Why Moses you're wrong, pray hold still your tongue,  
You've taken the tail for the head;  
O where's thy sling Death? put the corpse in the earth,  
For, believe me, tis terrible weather,  
So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word,  
And away they both stagger'd together.